

SOCIETY ON THE GOLF LINKS.



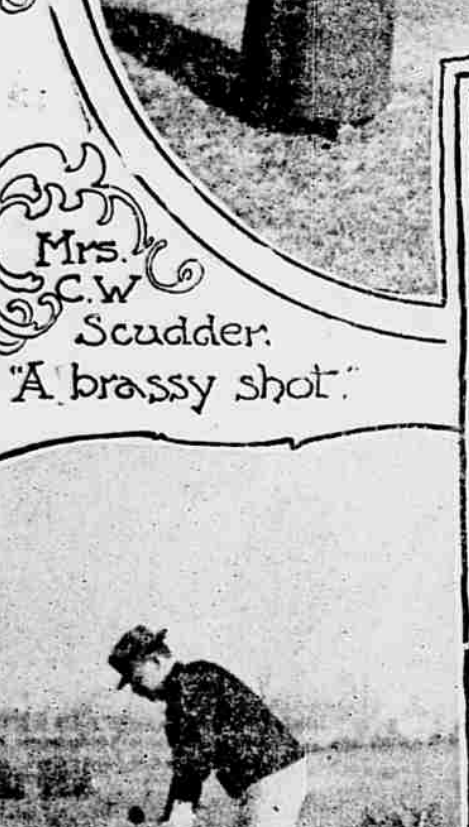
Wayman C. McCreery
putting

Alfred G. Robyn "putting."
Miss Goodbar and Miss Luyties
watching results.

Miss Lucy
May Goodbar.



Indell Gordon "driving"



Mrs.
C.W.
Scudder.
"A brassy shot."

GOLFING AT THE FAIR GROUNDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

There are few prettier things to be seen about St. Louis than the Fair Grounds golf field on a pleasant afternoon. The green expanse within the white track rails, dotted with golfers in the bright raiment which the etiquette of the pastime demands, the budding sweetness of the shade trees and hedge rows, the shimmering sun upon the lake, the glorious odor of the new mown grass, the daintily painted clubhouse, the massive grandstand, combine to make a picture not often found in the very heart of a great city. For the St. Louis Fair Grounds are now downtown. You can stand on the clubhouse porch and imagine yourself on a keen crackle of the moving machine comes from the links. President Auld's golf and kine peacefully chew their cud, browse and low in the distance. You red-coated golfer carrying a club looks not unlike a flannel-clad farm hand with a hoe in his hands. You can even see the splurge of the fish as they leap in the lake flitting with the innocent fly. Then the nasty city roar of the passing street car brings you back to the noise, dust, granite and the block patrol once more.

Every afternoon from ten to fifty business men of St. Louis, most of them men of huge commercial interests, seek new strength and business vigor on this smooth shaven field. Sometimes their wives, daughters, sweethearts, feminine relatives and acquaintances accompany them. As a rule, however, the American man is selfish—likes to take his own amusement as he does his business—alone. They do things different abroad. There the women folks enter more into a man's pleasure and cares.

Such men as Messrs. Sidney Walker, George McGrew, Lindell Gordon, Wayman McCreery, C. W. Scudder, Fred Paramore, Henry Blossom will tell you that golf has done them a world of good. It is just the exercise for a business man. Baseball requires too much work to agree with anyone but a trained athlete. Croquet is too dead and tame. Tennis is hard work and the game is so confining. It is hard work—that is, it requires speed and endurance in a greater degree than golf. Then golf, like baseball, is so uncertain and possesses so many chances that it is simply entrancing.

The business man who plays golf walks about four miles every afternoon. If your physician will tell you that walking is good even on the downtown streets, where the air is dust and microbe laden, how much better should it be on the sweet, soft, damp turf of the Fair Grounds, where the crushed grass exudes such glorious ozone and the velvet turf is like a Brussels carpet. Then add that, playing golf, you do not feel yourself walking and you have an idea of what it is worth.

Hitting a golf ball is just as pleasant a sensation as hitting a baseball, and most Americans have not forgotten how the tingle of a "safe hit" has warmed up their arms and sent its grateful electric glow to the nerve centers in their hearts and brains. You will notice the gentlemen hitting the golf ball on this page. If they meet it fair and hit it right—that is, straight, about 60 feet high and 30 yards away—they will feel just as Champion Batter Burckett does when he lines a ringing three-bagger to the fence. It is really the finest hitting sensation in the world. For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be said that a golf ball is made of solid gutta percha, and is about the size of a walnut. It can be driven as far as 200 yards on the fly. The idea of the game is to get the ball from one certain point to a hole usually from 100 to 600 yards away in as few strokes as possible. The holes are called links. They are situated from 100 to 600 yards apart according to conditions of ground, etc. Eighteen holes make a standard links, but most American links are nine holes. To play a nine-hole links will require about one and one half miles walking.

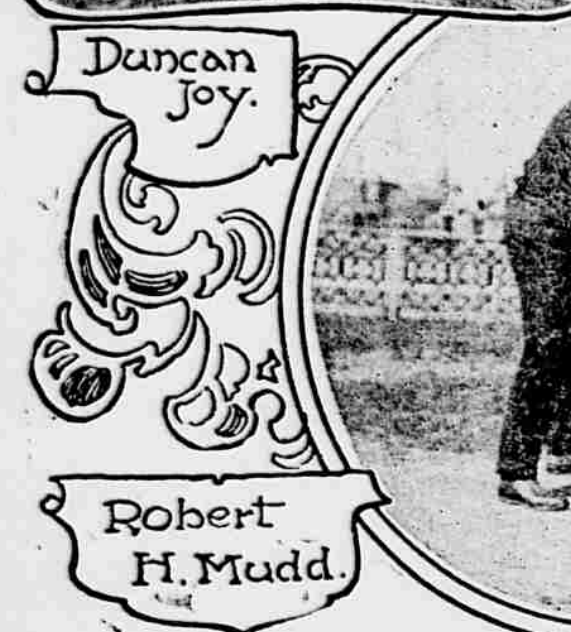
Besides the Fair Grounds, which are rated the best and most popular links in this part of the country, there are golf links at the St. Louis A. C. Forest Park, Field Club at Bissell's Point, Country Club at Clayton and Alconquin Club at Webster and Fox Cabin Club at Busch's Grove. The sport is fine. If you do not believe it take a try at it.



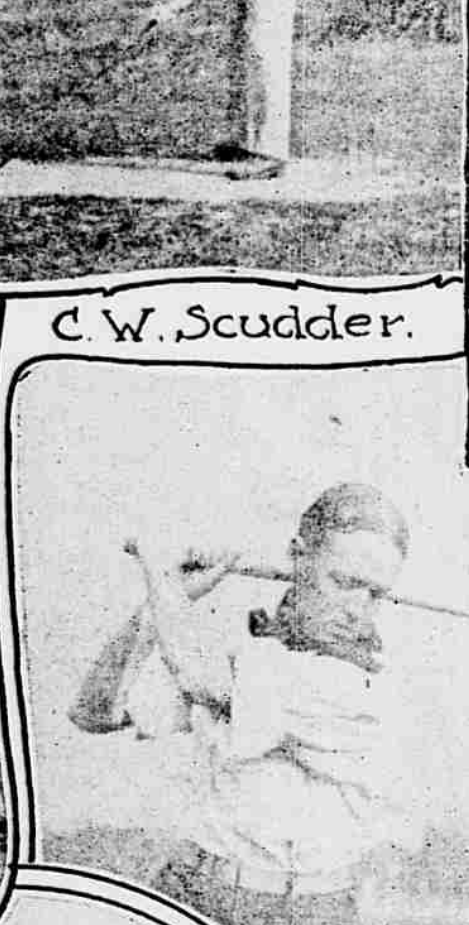
R. Park von
Wedelstaedt
"putting."



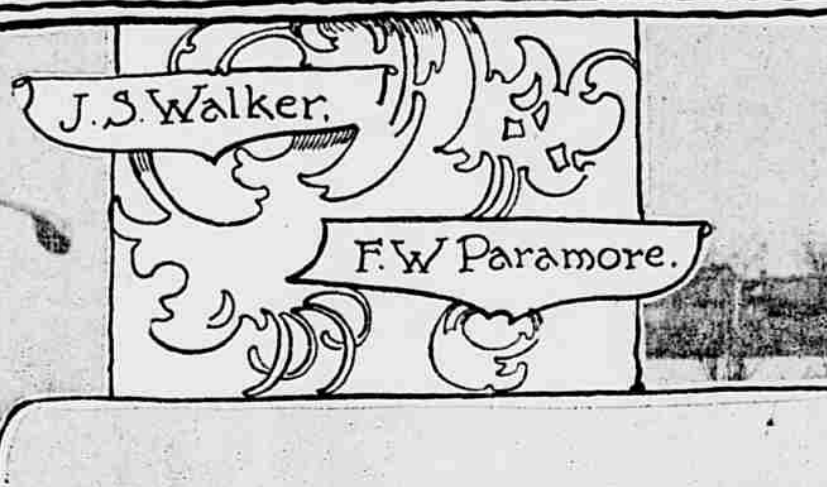
George S. McGrew



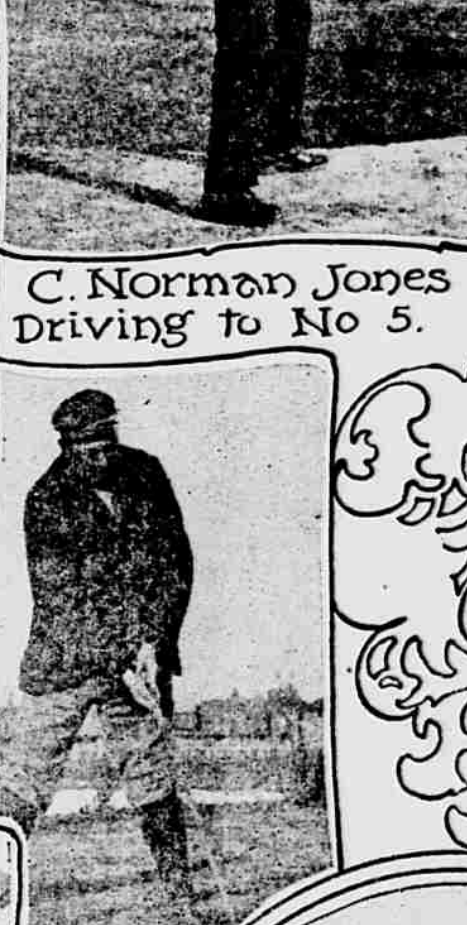
Robert
H. Mudd.



C. W. Scudder.



J. S. Walker.
F. W. Paramore.



C. Norman Jones
Driving to No 5.



J. G. McGee.



Miss Lillian Luyties
"putting."
Miss Goodbar and
Mr. Robyn watching.



Stewart G.
Stickney.